

BAMBERGER'S Hat Specialties!

The people appreciate Low Prices. Look at these figures
ONE DOLLAR buys a nice light-colored stiff Hat--
Latest style.

TWO DOLLARS buys a fine Stiff Hat, either black or
brown--Latest style.

FIFTY CENTS buys a fine Silk Cap in almost any shape
you may wish.

We mention only these items at present but can say
that all our fine Hats and Caps are offered in the same pro-
portion. Call and see us.

BAMBERGER,

No. 16 East Washington Street.



THE "MARQUA,"

Heywood, Whitney.

And Other Best Makes.

Baby Buggies,

A Single Buggy

—AT—

Wholesale Prices.

HEADQUARTERS

Children's Carriages.

NOVELTY DOLLAR STORE,

41 and 43 East Washington St.

THE INDIANA BICYCLE COMPANY.

108 North Pennsylvania St., Indianapolis, Indiana.



Have in Stock a full assortment of
the "Celebrated"

Rudge and Export Columbia Bicycles.

ALSO THE

IDEAL,

The only first-class Boy's Bicycle
made. Agents for the Star, Club
Santapriel, Facile, Kangaroo, and all
first-class wheels. Difficult repairing
and nicking a specialty. Old wheels
bought, sold or taken in exchange for
new. Send 5 Cents for all of above
catalogues, or 2 Cents for any one of them.

Drew & Wasson,

12 North Pennsylvania Street,

Wholesale Shippers and Dealers in All Kinds of

COAL!

Transportation to all points. Prices, rates
of freight and information furnished on appli-
cation. Correspondence solicited.

GROCERIES.

40c for 1 lb. Family White Fish.
3c for 1 lb. Family Mackerel.
1c for 1 lb. Choice Turkish Prunes.
1c for 1 lb. Choice Sugar Corn.
1c for 1 lb. Choice Fresh Apples.
1c for 1 lb. Choice Honey Drip Syrup.
1c for 1 lb. Choice Baking Powder.
1c for 1 lb. Choice Sugar.
1c for 1 lb. Choice Coffee.
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G. H. SCHRADER, 453 & 457 Virginia Ave.
H. F. SCHRADER, 70, 72 & 74 Massachusetts Ave

TALMAGE.

A Discourse on Easter as the Queen of Religious Feasts.

Death Pictured as Keeping the Clock-
Room Where Christian Guests Go
to the Divine Drawing-
Room.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., April 5.—At the services
in the Brooklyn Tabernacle this morning,
the Easter festival, there were 6,000 people
inside the building and 6,000 more outside
vainly seeking entrance. The platform and
galleries were one great scene of floral decorations.
Mrs. Evelyn Lyon Hegeman ren-
dered two appropriate pieces, and Professors
Brown and All afforded a special programme
of music. Dr. Talmage's text was:
"Death is swallowed up in victory." I Corin-
thians xv., 54.

Following is the sermon in full:

About 1851 Easter mornings have awakened
the earth. In France for about three cen-
turies the almanacs made the year begin at
Easter until Charles IX. started the year at
January 1. In the Tower of London there is
kept on the Royal pay-roll of Edward I. an
entry of £18 for 400 colored and pictured Easter
eggs, with which the people sported. In
Russia slaves were freed and arms distributed
on Easter. Ecclesiastical councils met at
Pontus, at Galles, at Rome, at Achaia to de-
cide the particular day, and after controversy
more animated than gracious, decided it,
and now all through Christendom in some
way the first Sunday after the full moon,
which happens upon or next after March 21,
is filled with Easter rejoicings. The royal
court of the Sabbath is made up of fifty-two.
Fifty-one of them are princesses, but Easter
is queen of the royal household. She wears
richer diadems and swags a more jeweled
scepter than any of our courts, and in her
smile nations are irradiated. Unusually
welcome this year because of the harsh win-
ter and late spring, she seems to step out of
the snow bank rather than from the conservatory,
to come out of the North instead of
the South, from the Arctic instead of the
tropics, dismounting from an icy equinox.

But welcome this queenly day, that holds
high up in her right hand the wrenched off
bits of Christ's sepulcher, and in her left
the key of the kingdom of Christendom.
My text is an ejaculation. It is spun out of
halcyons. Paul wrote on deliberately in
his great argument, observing all the laws of
logic until he came to the words of the text,
and then his fingers and his pen and the
parchment on which he wrote took fire, and
he shouted: "Death is swallowed up in vic-
tory!" It is an exciting thing to see an army
routed and flying. The run each other
down. They scatter everything valuable in
their track. Unwheeled artillery! Hoof of
horse on breast of wounded and dying man!
You have read of the French falling back
from Sedan, or Napoleon's track of 60,000
corpses in the snowbanks of Russia, or the
retreat of our forces from Manassas, or the
five kings tumbling down from the rocks of
Beth-Horon with their armies, while the
halcyons of heaven and the words of John-
na's hosts strike them with the fury of
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horse on breast of wounded and dying man!

The old brag that threatened the con-
quest and demolition of the planet has lost
his throne, has lost his scepter, has lost his
palace, has lost his prestige, and the one who
written over all the gates of the manse and
catacomb and necropolis or cenotaph or
sarcophagus or the cairn of lone Arctic ex-
plorer or catafalque of cathedral, written in
letters of gold, written in musical cadence,
written in doxology or great and nobly
written on sculptured door of family
vault is "Victory!" Coronal word, emblem-
ized word, apocalyptic word, chief word
on triumphal arch under which conquerors
return—Victory! Word shouted at Bala-
zore, at Inkermann, at Megiddo, at Win-
heim, at Marathon, where the Athenians
drove back the Medes, and at Poitiers, where
Charles Martel broke the ranks of the Sar-
acens, and the Salamis, where the Persians
in the great sea fight confounded the Persians,
and at the door of eastern cavern of obli-
vion where Christ came out of the dark
recess and throttled the King of Terrors,
and put him back in the niche from which the
celestial conqueror had just emerged. Hal-
lo! When the jaws of the Eastern manse-
leum took down the Black Giant, death was
swallowed up in victory.

I proclaim the abolition of death. The
old antagonist must be put back into my-
thology with all the lore about Stygia
Ferry and Charon with our boat. Mel-
rose Abbey and Kenilworth Castle are no
more in ruins than the sphinxes. We shall
have no more to do with death than we have
with the clock-room at a Governor's or a
President's levee. We stop there at such clock-
rooms and leave in charge of servants our
overcoats and overhats that we may not be
impeded in the rounds of the brilliant draw-
ing room. When we go away from this
world we are going to a King's banquet and
a reception of monarchs, and at the door of
the tomb we leave the clock of death and the
servants which we must the forms of
this world. At the close of an earthly re-
ception under the brush and broom of the
porter the coat and hat may be handed to
us better than when we were guests. And
the clock of humanity will finally be re-
turned, improved, brightened and purified.

You and I do not want our bodies restored
to us just as they are now. We want to get
rid of all their weaknesses and their suscep-
tibility to fatigue and their slowness of lo-
comotion. They will be put through a
chemistry of the soil, and heat and cold and
changing season out of which God will re-
construct them as much better than they
are now as the body of the rosiest and health-
iest child bounding the lawn on Prospect
Park is better than the body of the sickest
patient in Bellevue Hospital. But as to our
soul we will cross right over, not waiting for
obsequies, independent of obituary into a
state every way better with wider room and
velocities beyond computation, the dulcet
of us in companionship with the very best
spirits in the very best mood in the very
parlor of the universe, the four walls bur-
nished, panel-pictured and glorified with all
the splendors that the infinite God during
all the ages has been able to invent victory!

This view, of course, makes it of little
importance whether we are cremated or sep-
tured. If the latter is due to dust the for-
mer is ashes to ashes. If any prefer inciner-
ation let them have it without caricature.
The world may become so crowded that cre-
mation may be universally adopted by law
as well as general consent. Many of the best
of men and women have been cremated. P.
P. Bliss and wife, the singing evangelists,
cremated by accident at Ashabula, John
Rogers, cremated by persecution; Latimer
and Ridley, cremated at Oxford; Pothinus
and Blandina, a slave, and Alexander, a
physician, and their comrades, cremated
by the order of Marcus Aurelius. If the world
lasts as much longer as it has already been
built, there might be no room for the large
acres set apart for resting-places. But that
time has not come. Plenty of room
The house need not pass that bridge until
it comes to it. Most of us prefer the old
way. But whether out of cremation or nat-
ural disintegration we shall get that lumi-
ous, buoyant, iridescent, gladsome, tran-
scendent, magnificent, inexplicable structure
of the resurrection body. Why should it
be thought a thing incredible with you
that God should raise the dead?

That far up cloud, higher than the hawk
flies, higher than the eagle flies, what is it
made of? Drops of water from the Hudson,
and other drops from the East River, and
other drops from a stagnant pool on New
ark flats. Up yonder they are exhaled in
a cloud and the sun kindles it. If God can
make such a lustrous cloud out of water
drops, and some of them rilled and impure
and leached up from miles away, can he not
transport fragments of bodies from the earth
and out of them build in the sky a radiant
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